Fort Hotel
Sidmouth
Devon,

11.15 PM Monday 15 April 35

Dearest Rene I am sorry for not thanking you
for your letter written just before leaving
Millhouse & also note with cutting from
Evening Standard — I enjoyed that story
jolly bad art work I must say but
I say I enjoyed it. I liked it
most when the bloke says Damn your
bloody roses. — she wasn't a very
Kindly-Kin was she — I hope the
Emperor gave her a good twisting,
must of been a bugger that net &
trident business — I wonder who
mostly won. — I liked about him
leaving philosophy & joining the army
too. Supposing what awfully bad stuff
you can read with pleasure about
the Empire & Co. I wonder why.
perhaps because its more like modern times
in a way — I'm writing in bed — its
pouring with great rain & beating on
the window pains. I've been awfully
miserable & horrible & not well
& I ran my head accidentally against
a great stone sticking out

that was nice & a lovely letter – on monday last week 2
on the Esplanade & that has been
horrible – it was a great crash
& grazed me head right through my
green hat & wad of hair. – I felt
like Takeow when Odule hit him
I have not heard from Prudence since
you left –*– I wonder where she is.
I do wish I could hear from her.
I must go to sleep – I wonder
how you are. Bon snores all –
fed up like a frogg but cheeroes

* Yes I have got all kinds
three lovely ones you

Tuesday 3. pm. Had lovely long long letter
from Prudence this morning & a
nice pair of socks that fit, & are the colour
of a pale lioness & two Trollop books
I had not read. to wit Dr Thorn &
the Vicar of Bullhampton – dear Prudence
she'd been scouring half Sussex for a
nice farm house for me to stay in
but its difficult to find. – I'm waiting
for the doctor to see me he wanted
to see me again – I went to him
when I hit my napper – they
may crime me for neglect of Brigade
standing orders. re wearing shrapnel helmets
in the forward area – for all ranks.
they cop you under this – same as pte
self infected wounds. – by the way has G. Gill

Old man is this Marine has just
asked me if I'm correcting proofs!!

had his sentence (pending under Field Courts Marshal) promulgated yet — poor bugger. (You reported to me some time back his serious crime of self inflicted wound in hand. You remember).

The doctor been & says I'm alright but wants me to only smoke ten cigarettes a day — & have bath in morning instead of night. & do some physical jerks each morning O bugger bugger bugger & rest half an hour before dinner & lunch & only drink 2 gingers a day. — He is nice — but its always the same stuff Doc "are you worried about anythings" — am I worried me arse —

Doc's what do you — read — let me see — let me look — "the nature of Belief." 'Shakespeare.' 'Mediaeval Religion.' — I should'nt — I should'nt trouble the mind with anything disturbing you know — what do you read for light literature Me well — well eh - eh - well — you know thats the bugger of it — well I love 'Alice in Wonderland' if I want to have a good laugh. — It isn't half embarrassing — & the poor chap was trying to be good & useful. & helpful — He's awfully nice

+

Any way I suppose tis alright —
he did all the old stuff heart, blood &
reflexes — eyesight — & said I am
absolutely as well as ~~as~~ could be. By the time
tests — Dr was I troubled with the
red pomoes — Me says tired eh!
whats this — I say whats this — says
ing in the manner of all men —
Humans Nature — Dr says ah — yes:
Tom is coming on Thursday — I
hope we have a nice time.
How are you dear Nene — all this
chatter about myself — & dear dear Joan
I do send you both a lot of love
& Easter Greetings — I may not
get in another letter before then —
Prudence says Joan taught her how
to do my socks — goodbye you both
& keep you happy & no mischief.
& now it will get a bit warmer.
I know there was a lot I wanted to
say but can't think what it was
I must go for a s~~hot~~ walk.
Au revoir for now —
Come back — the wind is bitter
biting & penetrating — half gale from

The S.S.W. has caved in the E.
it seems.
I bought the Everyman Edition of the O.T.
& having scuttled it well – torn out
all this junk – stuck down their bloody
End-papers – put labels on the back
& side – proceeded to read – what
do you find – text seriously
tampered with – who is this
~~Br~~ Rev. Bruce bloody Taylor I should
be obliged to know – It seems
so bloody silly to print the Authorised
Version practically as it stands & then
tinker with it here & there & not say
where – He has the cheek to tinker
in a feeble type of way with the
Song of Deborah – I don't mind how
many chaps translate the bible – but I
do wish they would do it all through
off their own bat or not mess about at all.
But I do like having the bible in
a fashion that you can take to
pubs or anywhere & read unobserved,
I must say – Is the thing you've been
printing just A.V. or some doctored
version? Let me know.

Here is an example from Deborah

AV

The mountains melted from before the Lord
Even that Sinai from before the
Lord God of Israel.

That's skipping isn't it

The inhabitants of the villages ceased
they ceased in Israel; until that
I Deborah arose, that I arose
a mother in Israel.

Mr Bruce-Taylor

The mountains quailed at the presence
of the Lord, the God of Israel
Even yon Sinai at the presence of
the Lord, the God of Israel.

Get out. bugger off.

The villages were unoccupied in Israel
they were unoccupied.
Until that thou Deborah arose, thou
arose a mother in Israel.

You will note that the villages were unoccupied!

I ask you — 'this to
restore the obvious meaning of the
original'! —

Sorry for all this — very boring stuff

God bless you God bless Joan. & everybody
much love. David

Sept. 29th